

# The Alaskan Churchman

LIX

November, 1954

Number



O YE+ICE+AND+SNOW  
BLESS+YE+THE+LORD;  
PRAISE+HIM+AND+  
MAGNIFY HIM FOREVER





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The design on the cover of this magazine is the work of Paul Eustace Ziegler. In art, it brings to Alaska the wondrous events and great characters connected with the Nativity of Our Lord and the Feast of the Epiphany.

The Blessed Virgin, who holds the Christ Child, is an Indian maid. A Fisherman, a Miner, and a Trapper represent the Wise Men who came from afar to offer their gifts and adoration. A fishnet, a screen of stately spruce trees, and towering, snowclad mountains form a lovely reredos. On either side stand members of that "glorious company of the Apostles" to guard the Holy Child.

# The Alaskan Churchman

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(Box 441)

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NOVEMBER, 1954

## ALASKA WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

The Woman's Auxiliary in the Church in Alaska has been severely handicapped by the great distances that separate our various churches in the Territory. For example, it is about nine hundred miles from Ketchikan or Sitka to Fairbanks. In addition, even in the Southeastern part of Alaska where our churches are seemingly closer together (only 250 miles separate Ketchikan, Wrangell, Petersburg and Juneau) there are no highways and all travel must be by air.

However, the work among our church women has grown and developed and in the fall of 1953 we had our first gathering of women on any sort of large scale. Delegates from all the Southeastern Alaska churches met together in Ketchikan under the leadership of Mrs. Robert Miller of Seattle and the Convocation of Southeastern Alaska was organized.

Then in the spring of 1954, again under Mrs. Miller's leadership, the

Convocation of the Interior met and organized in Anchorage. So work on a District wide scale was begun.

In mid-October, the second meeting of Southeastern Alaska convened in Sitka, and sixteen delegates from Ketchikan, Wrangell, Petersburg and Juneau joined the ladies of Sitka in a most helpful week-end conference. Mrs. William H. Whiteley, President of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Diocese of Olympia, was the general leader of the gathering. Mrs. Hugh F. Hall of Wrangell, President of the Convocation, presided over the meetings.

Featured at the Conference was a valuable interchange of ideas and fellowship and real inspiration and direction from the addresses given by Mrs. Whiteley.

Mrs. Ken Cravens of Sitka was elected President of the Convocation succeeding Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Charles Tuengel, also of Sitka, was chosen Secretary-Treasurer. The Auxiliary at Wrangell invited the Convocation to meet at Wrangell in the fall of 1955 in connection with the fiftieth anniversary celebration of St. Philip's Church.

During the winter two delegates to the Triennial meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary will be chosen by the women in Southeastern Alaska. The Triennial meets in Honolulu in September, 1955, in connection with the gathering of the General Convention of the whole Episcopal Church. This will be the first time that delegates to the Triennial have actually been elected by the women of the Church in Alaska. The Convention in Southeastern Alaska will underwrite the traveling expenses of at least one delegate to insure representation at the Triennial meeting. It is hoped that delegates may be chosen by the Interior Convocation at its spring meeting also.

So the women of the Church in Alaska move forward in spite of distance and isolation and we pray that God may guide the work of the Woman's Auxiliary here that it may be a strength and power in His Church and may draw us all closer to Him.

Page 12 m  
May



# MAKE HIM A MINTO MAN

By William F. E. Juhr, Jr.

My story, unlike the other two articles in this issue, starts long before I ever saw Minto village or heard of its name. My first thoughts of the Missionary District of Alaska were when I met its Bishop at General Theological Seminary in New York City where I am a member of its senior class this coming fall.

On Thursday, January 14th, a group of seminarians interested in missionary vocations listened to Bishop Gordon talk on the work of the Church in Alaska. He spoke of the needs of the Missionary District and of the Summer Training Program for Seminarians which was soon to get under way. I listened with much interest as he told of the work which the Summer Training Program did and the part the seminarians played in it. Later that afternoon I made a special

trip to my home in Cranford, New Jersey to talk to my wife Juanita and see what she thought of my making application to work for the Church for the three summer months. I explained that it meant that I would be away from her and my small son for three months. She said it was a fine idea, and I scooted back over to the Seminary and had a talk with Dean Rose. Dean Rose thought it was a good idea and also offered to pay the one hundred dollars tuition fee, something which bothered me, but which I knew I would get somewhere.

After our appointment came though from National Council, the group of summer workers met together and planned our trip. Then on June 3rd,



Bishop Gordon with the choir and junior layreaders at St. Barnabas', Minto



we boarded a plane for Fairbanks, Alaska.

After a few days' conference at St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, we each took off to our respective posts. I arrived at Minto on Thursday evening, June 10th. The following day the Bishop flew in and held a Confirmation Service for those of Minto who were ready to be confirmed. It was on his departure that he told the people that I was to be there to live with them for the summer and also uttered the words which I shall always remember — "make him a Minto man". When he first said those words, I wondered what he meant; but after being there for eleven weeks, I now know what he meant.

To be a "Minto Man" is something you can't explain in words, but is something which you feel deep down inside. When I left the village for the last time, I went away with the feeling that I was leaving something behind — sort of like I was leaving something which was a part of me. I was there only eleven weeks but from the start the people made me feel at home.

My first Sunday there was a trying, but memorable one. After talking with the people, we decided to hold services on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock and a Wednesday night service every week. I remember so clearly how on that first Sunday about ten minutes to eleven I went around to the side of the Church and rang the bell which hung from the side of the roof, just as I had done on Friday when the Bishop was there. Eleven o'clock, the appointed hour, came and went and there was not a soul around the church. Finally about 11:15, one of the old men of the village came up to me and asked me if I had rung the second bell, explaining that no one would come until I rang the second bell. With the second bell, sure enough, my congregation came from all directions, even from out of the brush. The service started and was going very smoothly until I began to preach my sermon. As I turned to the altar for the invocation, I suddenly realized that in all the bell ringing excitement at the start of the service,



Minto's Log Cabin Rectory

I had forgotten to light the candles. Upon turning to the congregation, my first words to my friends of Minto were: "My, you people made me so nervous that I forgot to light the candles". Everyone either smiled or tried to control their irreverent laughter. From there on in, everything went smoothly and I felt as if I was one of them. This was my first service at Minto, one which I shall never forget.

One of the highlights of the summer for the Minto children was the beginning of the Daily Vacation Bible School on July 7th. The Rev. Cameron Harriot along with two summer workers, Miss Katrina Moore and Miss Eleanor Commo and myself conducted a Daily Bible School using the Church Year as our theme. Everyone enjoyed the work and much was accomplished in getting to know the Church calendar.

Every Sunday afternoon at 2 p.m. we held Sunday School and after a short children's service, a group of native women who volunteered to help, taught the different classes.

This summer, along with my ministerial duties, I was given a chance to try my hand with a hammer and saw once again, but this time I also had a chance to get familiar with a two-bladed axe. I was to finish off a cabin which the Church had bought and while waiting for the lumber to arrive by river boat from Fairbanks, a group of the young men and I



erected a bell tower complete with bell. The people of the village wanted the bell tower erected to the glory of God and in memory of a dear friend and priest who had served them. Father Reid gave the bell to St. Barnabas Mission when he served as their priest from St. Mark's, Nenana. Father Reid was drowned in a boating accident a few years ago.

During the summer I had the pleasure of attending the native potlatches (parties) and enjoyed the native food and dancing. On the night I was to leave Minto to go to Fairbanks via Nenana, we celebrated the completion of the cabin and had a potlatch which I'm sure I enjoyed more than any of my friends at Minto.

I shall never forget the courage and spiritual strength I received from my talks with and watching the blind

and lame folk of the village. Their ability and skill in the way they went about their daily tasks was simply amazing.

In case you are wondering, Minto has only a hundred and sixty people but in this small congregation I experienced a closeness to the people which I am sure is not possible in some of our large city parishes back in the States.

My daily prayer and the prayer of my friends in Minto is that the Church may soon see its way to placing a priest to live and work with the people there.

I shall never forget my summer among the people of Minto and the Faith which I found there. I shall never forget the summer that I became "a Minto man".

## NURSE FILLS MINTO POST

On October 1st Miss Bertha E. Mason, R. N. flew with the Bishop to Minto to take up her work at St. Barnabas' Mission, supervising the medical and evangelistic work in the Tanana River village.

Behind this statement there lies a story of earnest prayer, of real sacrificial giving in support of our missionary enterprise, and the willingness to serve under real pioneering conditions by a missionary nurse.

Minto is an Indian village of about 140 people, situated on the Tanana River about thirty miles below Nenana. All the people of the village are Episcopalians and have been all their Christian lives. For some years the Church supported a day school and the ministrations of an ordained minister for the village, but in the depression days of the early 1930s, the resident worker was withdrawn and ever since that time the people have had to look to overworked clergy serving at St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, for spiritual ministrations.

Services during these years have probably averaged about four times a year, although the present priest at St. Mark's has made monthly visits to

Minto during the past two years. Obviously this has not been much of a spiritual ministry for our people. In addition, the people of Minto have no access to trained medical personnel in case of sickness and accident. The Alaska Native Service teachers stationed at the village have given generously of their time and talents to



Miss Mason and Minto  
Altar Guild



help meet the medical needs, but they would be among the first to express the need for trained medical personnel for the village.

The need at Minto has been obvious to us all, and as a beginning a young seminarian was stationed at Minto this summer to carry on the work of the Church and also to use his talents in helping erect a log cabin that we might use for a rectory. (See article "Make Me a Minto Man"—this issue). The splendid response to Bill Juhr's regular ministry at Minto this summer made the need for a continuing ministry more obvious than ever. In addition, the cabin erected by Mr. Juhr and Mr. Harriot now provides a crude but adequate home for a missionary.

In mid-September, to our very great surprise, Miss Bertha Mason appeared in St. Matthew's Church, Fairbanks. She had served for seven years as a missionary nurse at Fort Yukon and more recently in Puerto Rico. She had returned to Alaska to seek secular employment because of the adverse climate in Puerto Rico (take note, all ye that fear the cold of Alaska!)



Sunday School Teachers  
at Minto

Here was a woman perfectly qualified for the post at Minto—a devoted and consecrated churchwoman, a splendid nurse with many years of frontier nursing experience, and one who would not be concerned or unhappy in living in a simple log cabin alone in an isolated Indian village. So we took her to Minto and showed

her the village and the house and the people and asked her if she would accept the work for a year. Typically, Miss Mason agreed to go where she was needed most, even though she could make a great deal more money, live in vastly more comfort, and work much shorter hours here in Fairbanks.

We made all these arrangements for staffing St. Barnabas' Mission with no sure financial provision in sight because there is no item in our missionary budget for this work. Within a week after Miss Mason agreed to go to Minto, we had a letter from a churchwoman in the States enclosing a thousand dollars and a pledge of another for 1955. A few days later, a nurse in the East who has always wanted to serve in the Mission Field but has not been able to do so, pledged twenty dollars a month for twelve months for "some needy Alaskan project". Several other smaller gifts have just about underwritten the work at Minto for twelve months and have helped finish up our log cabin rectory there and equip it for the basic needs of facing an Alaskan winter. How can anyone ever say that the Lord does not provide as He guides?

Already a revitalized church life is evident at St. Barnabas' Mission, The Church School, with five of the Minto women as teachers, is most active carrying on a study program organized and prepared by Mr. Harriot, priest-in-charge of the work at Nenana and Minto. An Altar Guild, as able and devoted as any in the District, cares for the church and the altar; junior layreaders participate in each service, and all the people of the village have united to make God's work an integral part of the life of the Minto community. Miss Mason directs, guides and encourages these activities in addition to the regular services, and she is available at all times with her medical skill to meet the physical needs of all the people too. Here is a true example of the Church as our Lord has intended it to be, ministering to all of the life of a community centered in the power of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.



# Boys Play Vital Part In Life Of Juneau Church

By The Rev. Samuel A. McPhetres

Sunday, May 23rd, marks the sixth anniversary of the establishing of the Order of St. Vincent at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Juneau. From the few boys who were actively interested six years ago, today there are sixteen active members. The ages of the boys range from eight years through High School.

When a boy has an assignment, he feels a sense of responsibility and responds immediately and the faithfulness of these boys is an inspiration and a challenge to the adults.

Out of this fine group of boys, four of the older members of High School age have become active Layreaders. When the rector is gone to Skagway or otherwise out of town on a Sunday, these boys take complete charge of the services. It is interesting to relate that there is no dent in the con-

gregation when our young Layreaders conduct the service.

Our Senior Acolytes who are also active Layreaders are Mike Blackwell, Sam McPhetres, Mike Grummett and David McPhetres. The remaining Acolytes are Stuart Whitehead, Angus Foss, Dick Reynolds, Brian Rowland, Kirby Fritchman, John Stewart, Stephen McPhetres, Mike Pateson, Cary Stewart, Robin Fritchman, Mer-ton Fleming, and Roger Grummett.

Once a month these boys gather together for a potluck supper followed by a recreation and then a business meeting is held in the church where the Server's Office and the Acolyte Prayers are offered. The remaining period is devoted to practicing every phase of serving including carrying the cross or flag; lighting candles; serving at the Credence Table for Holy Communion; the procession and  
(Continued on Page 19)



Order of St. Vincent, Holy Trinity Church, Juneau



# INTO OUR HEARTS

By Betty Hovencamp and Alma Rowe

On August 30, after three short months, we, the two most traveled missionaries in the District of Alaska, were grounded for the last time. Only one trip remained—our homeward journey, to begin telling others of the inspiration we have gained from Alaska's people. Strains of "All Things Bright and Beautiful" and "Into My Heart, Lord Jesus" will always find a warm place in our hearts.

Although we knew we were to conduct summer Bible Schools, we little guessed the things in store for us as we began the Huslia school on June 10th. The two of us and Carter van Waes, the seminarian in charge, were a little shaky as forty bright shiny faces filled the schoolroom the first day. But we soon came to love them all as we progressed daily through Worship, Study, Crafts and Games

together. In fact, one of the high points of our summer was the closing service during which the Bishop dedicated the beautiful altar made during the Bible School by some of the village men under the capable leadership of Chief Johnny. Also transforming the schoolroom into a Church was the mural depicting the Creation Story drawn by the children during Craft time. It was wonderful to see the reverence and awe on the children's faces as they entered their temporary church for the first time.

June 25th found us in "The Blue Box" headed for Allakaket, of which we had heard a great deal. Here we were destined to gain new inspiration from these people to whom the Church means so much. The two hours of study every afternoon with the children taught us much more



Betty Hovencamp, Carter van Waes and Alma Rowe back in Fairbanks after a summer's missionary work



than we could ever hope to teach them. In our opinion the high point of our summer occurred when Dick Miller was called away for a funeral and the Sunday eleven o'clock service was entrusted to us. Here our teamwork branched out from the Bible School even more deeply into the lives of the people. The soft organ music, the bell calling to the people on both sides of the river, the vibrant hymn singing, the devout attention—all made us, Alma as she played the organ and Betty, as she read the service and attempted a brief sermon, feel humble and privileged to lead the worship of such a people. We could not help but think of another team—Miss Hill and Miss Kay—who had meant so much to these people and we hoped we had, at least partially, followed in their footsteps. As we winged our way to our destination, memories of this service and the Festival of Lights service closing the Bible School, were with us. The candle in each child's hand at this service burned vividly in our mind's eye.

In Tanana, our next stop, we found that most of the people were out in their fish camps. However, a small school was relaxing after a busy schedule previously. We were awakened to another phase of the Church's work in Alaska through our brief stay with Walter Hannum. To us Tanana seemed the most challenging of the stations we visited because of the presence of the white man and a native attempt to adopt his customs. The age-long problems of liquor and religious and racial intolerance were seen there. We hope that the Church will continue its much needed ministry there.

The next stop—Fort Yukon. Here we joined the other Bible School team, bringing with us Pete Calhoun, one of the boys from Georgia who helped drive the new jeep to Nenana for the use of St. Mark's Mission there. Here we had a large Bible School that kept all five of us, along with Dick Lambert, quite busy. Again we found a detrimental influence of the white man and, for the first time, a language barrier. It seemed strange to conduct games with the aid of occasional interpretation. We found the



Eskimo girl at Pt. Hope

daily visitation of tourists disrupting to the school program and wish more tourists could see themselves as the native people see them. We again branched out into another phase of the Church's work by going into the t. b. ward of the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital and teaching these



Beaded Moosehide Altar Hanging at Fort Yukon



children also. It was wonderful to see the white hospital walls brighten with their daily craft work.

It was in Ft. Yukon that the two of us learned we were to have the rare privilege of serving along the Arctic Coast. On our way northward we had the unexpected pleasure of revisiting Allakaket. Bad weather forced us to land and spend the night there but the next day the "Blue Box" found an opening in the clouds and we soon landed in Kotzebue. Here we left Al Reiners, one of the most recent additions to the Alaskan clergy. After assurances from Al that he would be prepared for a Bible School in a few weeks, we left for Kivalina. Despite continuing bad weather, we arrived safely in Kivalina where the Bishop was again weathered in for a day.

In Kivalina we began our work with the Eskimo people, becoming aware of the reason for the joy that the Bishop always found during his early ministry among these people. The school there was most successful and we found the joy and cheerfulness of the people very contagious. Milton Swan, the layreader, and his wife



Bishop Gordon with Milton Swan  
and his family at Kivalina

Martha, undertook to teach us the Eskimo language and the technique of making a fish net. Despite the slowness of the pupils, their patience won out and we were able to say a hearty

"te-cu" (thank you) to all the wonderful people upon our departure.

Wien Alaska Airlines transported us next to Pt. Hope. Here we had another large school. Each morning we enjoyed working with 30 happy youngsters whose lusty rendition of "I've got a little Gospel Light" was heard all over the village. Then each afternoon, we walked to St. Thomas' Mission with Rowland Cox, where, due to an enrollment of about 70, the three of us had separate classes. Again the singing was outstanding, enhanced by daily choir practice by all the confirmed boys and girls. It was there that we learned to sing "O-mah-tin-noon, Lord Jesus" ("Come Into My Heart, Lord Jesus") and to realize just how much the people of Alaska had come into our hearts. We became fully aware that we were in the heart of Arctic Alaska as we saw the dog teams, an authentic Eskimo dance, igloos, and parkas. Our visits into the houses of the people were an inspiration because of the people's sincere hospitality and gratitude for our work with their children.

Following another delay because of bad flying weather, we arrived in Kotzebue for our final Bible School via Wien Airlines. Here we found still another phase of the Church's work. We were privileged to help Al Reiners organize a Sunday School as he began his work as the Church's first full-time clergyman in Kotzebue. We found Al busily arranging his new home and doing construction work on the new church, St. George's-in-the-Arctic. We found this Bible School a real challenge since the children had not had the Church and its teachings with them for many years, as had the other places we visited. Here we tried to adapt our study theme to the children—a need to understand the Church's teaching, how to worship, and a proper use of the church building. This was difficult because these children had not had a church building before and the work of the sects, also active in Kotzebue, had been a detriment to the Church's teaching. We hope that the sustained ministry of the Church will make the Gospel real in the lives of these people. Here



we were present at a burial of a small baby and, on the last day, the baptism and confirmation of a one hundred six year old woman, thus completing our witness of the Church's ministry to all phases of the life cycle.

And so we were ready for the homeward journey—our last trip together. As the Pan American Clipper left Fairbanks far behind, memories of many faces were vivid in our minds. The drone of the plane was hushed as we could still hear the strains of the farewell hymn of the people to us—"God-mee-too-tin-Pah-goo-tee-lik-Moon". And our hearts replied in our language—"God be with you 'til we meet again".

Mr. Page H. Kent is now stationed in Cordova where he will be lay-reader-in-charge of St. George's Church under the direction of the Rev. Robert Grumbine of Valdez. Mrs. Kent expects to come from her home in Baltimore to join Mr. Kent in Cordova by December 1st.

Mr. Kent has served ably in many capacities since he came to Alaska as a volunteer worker at Fort Yukon in 1952. He spent that winter filling in at St. Thomas' Mission, Pt. Hope, after the death of the Rev. Howard Laycock.

After a summer at home in 1953, Page came back to serve as missionary and lay worker with the Native people in Fairbanks for a year. Then in the

spring he spent a month at Allakaket supplying that post during a temporary vacancy.

This past summer Page has been in charge of the work of Epiphany Mission, Valdez, while Fr. Grumbine has been in the States on furlough. Page has also served for brief periods at Anchorage and Tanacross so his Alaskan ministry has been a varied one. With consecrated devotion, Page has helped wherever he has been needed and he has made a vital contribution to our Alaskan church life with a hammer and saw.

Our congregation in Cordova has sought the services of a full-time minister for some years. The work has shown real progress—certainly as much progress as could possibly be expected with a one-Sunday-a-month ministry, and we rejoice that this work will have more chance to develop this winter. We also pray that increased self-support all over the District will enable us to add another priest to our staff soon to minister permanently in this most challenging opportunity on Prince William Sound.

Why not give a subscription to the ALASKAN CHURCHMAN for Christmas? Send us the names and addresses (along with one dollar each!) and we will be delighted to send attractive gift cards (by air mail) to each one. CHURCHMAN subscriptions make fine birthday remembrances too.



ARCTIC VILLAGE OF KOTZEBUE, ALASKA 141 FAN





How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth  
good tidings, that publisheth peace . . . —Isaiah 52:9



# An Apostolic Ministry In Modern Times

By Carter van Waes

Whether, on my first view of Huslia, I was disappointed or only vaguely satisfied, I don't remember now; but I do recall that there was a certain feeling of charm not easily described. The initial apprehension was quickly dissipated by the friendly, smiling faces of the local populace, and their enthusiastic welcome on the airstrip, as I stepped out of the Bishop's plane on June 7th. The arrival of the new "cheechacko" (a newcomer to the Territory) preacher had been anticipated and announced some time previously via the Territorial radio station news-cast "Tundra Topics".

Viewed with practical eyes, the village was most certainly a well chosen site. The close proximity of tall spruce provided a perfect material for logs with which the people built their homes, as well as a means of securing their only fuel—firewood. The high west bank along which flowed the Koyukuk River made it ideal for living purposes and a more adequate locale than the previous site of the village about 17 miles away at Cut-Off, which had proved too low ground and subject to flood. The birch groves surrounding Huslia on three sides let in air and sunshine.

But it was the people themselves that encouraged me most. Despite the many obstacles to human existence that Nature imposes on those who live in the extreme North, defying winter storms and temperatures that send the thermometer dipping to 60 or 70 degrees below zero, the many privations both physical and spiritual that accompany such an existence, building homes of logs, fishing in the summer so as to lay in an adequate stock of food for themselves and their dogs, to trapping in the winter for the means with which to clothe themselves and provide a means of exchange, in short, adapting themselves to Nature in her harshest moods without the rudimentary facilities and luxuries that we, in our highly cultured civilization take so very much

for granted—this is the type and character of the people to whom I was sent as spiritual shepherd for the brief period of three months.

To appreciate their hardships, and to somehow feel, if only vicariously, their strong sense of fortitude, is to sense here are no ordinary people. Though a more than average stamina is no doubt necessary and essential for this type of life, the real factors which enable them to survive, I am convinced, are temperament and character. There was never a time during my brief stay when I didn't hear them laughing and joking among themselves and with me, but more than that, when the time came for a church service, they were as attentive as the scholar in his study, and as eager for the ministry of the Word of God as the seminarian.

I have entitled this article, "An Apostolic Ministry in Modern Times". This title was not chosen for its appeal or in any sense to shroud the actual situation as it exists. The people are, for the most part, and with few exceptions, not unlike those of Jerusalem and Antioch in the early years of the first century—embryonic Christians. The Christian Church and the Christian faith are still experiencing their birthpangs in this village. This is not the result of any basic ignorance or illiteracy on the part of the people or a condemnation of the missionary evangelizing of the Church in Alaska. It is rather a situation that arises out of a deficiency in the number of priests necessary and available to adequately man the expanding Church in Alaska. For the most part the people of Huslia have been, by necessity, without their own permanent priest or missionary the majority of the time, save for the occasional visits from the priest in the mission of St. John's-in-the-Wilderness at Allakaket, 100 or more miles away. The Bishop, with an ever increasing amount of miles to cover, also pays an occasional visit

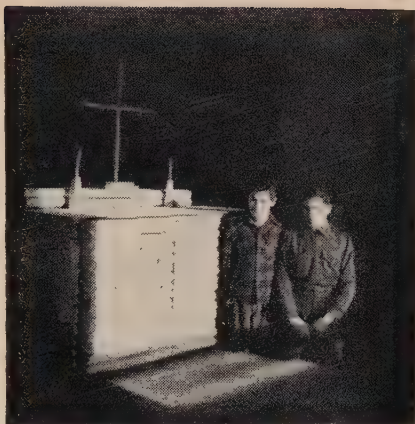


to confirm or bring the Sacraments. No one is more conscious of this situation than the Bishop himself, who, in the May, 1954 issue of the *ALASKAN CHURCHMAN* wrote: "There are hundreds of native Episcopalians in Alaska who have been introduced to the Gospel, baptized and left largely to grope their way alone to the real truths of the Christian faith with little or no guidance into the way of justice and truth and life as promised by our Lord Jesus Christ . . . they find only an occasional ministry three or four times a year by an *itinerant* priest who really has no business being away from his pressing responsibilities at his home mission".

That the Church has provided the impetus and instilled a certain zealous and enthusiastic will on the part of the people to have a permanent ministry in Huslia is evidenced by their eager participation in the services during the summer months when a seminarian is in residence, and also by their constant reminiscing of those few but memorable occasions when Bishops Rowe and Bentley visited them. The names of these two great and pioneering Bishops have become almost as legendary as our own Legend of Sleepy Hollow; while their deep devotion to the people and their own spiritual convictions have been passed from the older members of the village to the young.

Placed in this situation, the seminarian, so prone to display his newly acquired, pseudo-theological knowledge, finds himself in much the same predicament as the proverbial "fish out of water". Fortunately, I had been forewarned by the Bishop as well as by the Rev. Norman Elliott who was in charge of the seminarians' summer field work, that I was to take nothing for granted.

The services of Morning and Evening Prayer were, for the sake of expedience as well as for instructional purposes, cut or added to as was most consistent with the needs of the people, and would have, in all cases caused my professor of Liturgics to develop an acute case of coronary thrombosis, to say nothing of the



Huslia Altar—Chief John Isaac on left

standing Liturgical Commission's frenzied notes of despair!

Lacking a church building, the local schoolhouse served that purpose. It was, at first, rather disconcerting to see my congregation peering up at me behind the desks of grade school pupils rather than the conventional pew. Lacking a church building, we naturally lacked the customary appointments of altar, cross or candlesticks. Whether I displayed a certain chagrin at having no such "refinements", or whether the people were waiting an opportunity to construct these (I'm certain it was the latter), an altar, cross, and candlesticks were hewn from small spruce logs. The Chief of the village—Johnny Isaac—being the "prime mover" in the project. When the project was begun, I think I shall always remember the words Chief Johnny said to me: "The Bishop always brings us a surprise when he comes, and now we can surprise him". (I might add that the Bishop was not only surprised, but highly elated over the new acquisitions).

My sermons were couched in the simplest of styles, and similar to the average church school curriculum. They revolved, for the most part, about a certain theme and were taken from the Propers for the particular Sunday. To find the correct and most cogent terms and examples with which to illustrate my sermons, was



one of the more difficult tasks in my sermon preparation. Gradually, as I became accustomed to the people's manner of speaking and their mode of life, I found more and more examples to add to an increasingly expanding vocabulary peculiarly adaptable to the Alaskan landscape. Road became 'trail'; the States, 'outside'; an outboard motor a 'kicker'; house, a 'cabin'; a party, a 'potlatch'; a Sour-lough, a seasoned veteran and inhabitant of the Territory.

Looking forward to the time when the Bishop can find the funds and the missionary to send on permanent assignment to Huslia, a log cabin was constructed in a five-day period. As work progressed on the cabin, I could not help but think of our Church's present campaign slogan for missionary enterprises at home and overseas—BUILDERS FOR CHRIST. These were no mere words in Huslia!



Huslia Cabin

Perhaps my greatest joy was the Sunday that I baptized two recently born babies "into the congregation of Christ's flock"—the daughter of Billy and Sophie Sam, and the son of Edwin and Lydia Simon.

That the brief period of three months working with these people was far too short, and what at first appeared to be an interminably long period of being away from the seminary, slipped by with time's own inimitable way of escaping us before we can do all that we had hoped, I

am only too well aware. That I learned far more than I was able to teach, is certain, and this will pay rich dividends in the ministry that still lies ahead of me. That if I have been able to teach anything during this period, is due, not to my own frail efforts, but to our Lord Jesus Christ. That the Holy Ghost has touched the lives of these people already I am certain. That the miracle of Pentecost will again be reenacted in this village and among these people is a certitude, for whatever has been lacking in material and physical comfort will be added to them by their willingness to wait upon the Lord.

The days of their patient waiting will at long last be fulfilled, and the expectation materialized. For the prayers of that faithful remnant of Christ's flock shall, through their longing for a sign of His Presence, and their readiness to receive it not go unheeded nor unanswered. To that day and to this end I give my prayers and thanks to Almighty God for the people of Huslia.

What more fitting tribute to what has been done already, and what, in God's good time shall be accomplished, can I leave with these simple and wonderful people but these words of our familiar hymn:

Rise up, O men of God!

The Church for you doth wait:

Her strength unequal to her task;

Rise up, and make her great!

Lift high the cross of Christ!

Tread where his feet have trod.

As brothers of the Son of man,

Rise up, O men of God!

---

Miss Susan E. Lewis, R. N. is expected to arrive in Fairbanks on December 2nd en route to Fort Yukon where she will serve as a member of the staff of the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital. Miss Lewis comes to us from St. John's Church, Charleston, West. Va., and we welcome her to Alaska, even though in December our welcome may be a slightly cool one!



# The Natives Call It Tetlin - I Call It Wonderful

By **RICHARD N. WALKLEY**

Last year I attended the Southern Rural Church Institute at Valle Crucis, N. C. and was assigned to the beautiful little St. Francis Mission in Norris, Tenn. for my field work. This was an unusual situation for me since Norris was a model town built by the T.V.A. in 1938 and most of the people living there are highly educated. The majority of these people either work for the T.V.A. or are scientists for the Atomic Energy Commission in nearby Oak Ridge.

This summer I had my choice of working in Puerto Rico, a hospital, a penitentiary, Alaska, out west or in my home Diocese of Tennessee. I thought about this during my year in Seminary at Sewanee and finally decided on Alaska because I felt that I could really see the missionary side of the Church in action and I would receive experience altogether different from that of the previous summer—and truly, it was very different. I applied to the National Council's Overseas Department and was one of the five people accepted. Classes closed on June 5th and I left Chattanooga at four o'clock the afternoon of the 7th. The next morning I was shaking hands with Bishop Gordon, the Rev. Norman Elliott and the Rev. Richard Lambert who met me. I spent a couple of days with Mr. Elliott in Fairbanks, discussing the nature of the work I would do in Tetlin, the native village to which I had been assigned.

On Thursday, the Bishop and I climbed in "The Blue Box" and headed down the Tanana Valley for Tetlin, making a short stop at Tanacross where I met the Rev. Robert Greene, priest in charge of St. Timothy's, Tanacross and St. Andrew's, Tetlin. Mr. Greene was unable to go with us on that day so we took off again. Soon we zoomed over a mountain and I saw the village of Tetlin where I was to spend the summer. I saw a small creek running by a row of cabins and a short landing strip on the opposite



Dick Walkley and Chief  
Peter Joe

side. I said to myself: "Is this where I am to spend the summer?" I hadn't realized that most native villages are small.

When we landed we were met by many happy, smiling faces, new faces which I did not realize then would mean so much to me before I left Tetlin. We carried my gear over to the cabin where I was to live, located next to the church and about 10 x 12 feet. It had two beds and was well equipped with pots and pans and a small stove. A very friendly native man, named Titus David carried my bags, and he turned out to be one of the finest men I have ever met. The Bishop stayed a while and then left and after he took off I began to realize that here I was, away out in





### Tetlin Rectory

the interior of Alaska, completely cut off from the world—and only a few days before I had been rushing madly around. The change was terrific.

Just where is Tetlin? It is not on the Alaska Highway but lies on a small creek running out of Tetlin Lake and is twelve miles by air from the Highway and forty-five miles by boat. The nearest town is Tok Junction, about fifteen miles away by air.

My first days were lonely ones because most of the people of the village were away at their fish camps but my loneliness was not for long for the second day Chief Peter Joe, a wonderful old man came by to visit me and said "Me think you lonely, me come by see you" and then I knew that I need not be lonely any more. Chief Peter Joe and his wife Eva were certainly wonderful to me and I always enjoyed talking to them and hearing the many colorful stories of their ancestors and the history of Tetlin. Before long the Rev. Bob Green came to visit me and brought me a boat and motor so now I was able to get to the different fish camps and meet the people of the village. Donnell Joe and Patrick Joe took me up to Last Tetlin one Sunday evening, the site of an old village but still a fish camp and here I held my really first service. We met in Chief and Martha Luke's trapline cabin and held Evening Prayer. I

shall never forget the dog that got into the cabin and howled while we were reading the Psalms and how Martha got rid of it by throwing it out the front door.

I am sure the people had a hard time at first understanding my Tennessee hillbilly accent, just as I did trying to understand the language of Tetlin but before long we got to where we could understand each other pretty well. It took me a little time to realize that these people had taken me into their hearts and had made me one of them. Andrew David, when I went to Last Tetlin, would say "You come to my tent to have tea" which meant there would be a meal of fresh fried fish, bread and hot tea—and onions, for Andrew and I both like onions very much.

I soon saw that Tetlin was a very progressive village, with many advantages over other native villages in Alaska. They asked the government to make the land surrounding their village into a reservation which now gives them a feeling of security. There is no alcoholic problem in Tetlin, thanks to their Chief and Council and anyone caught bringing liquor on to the Reservation is fined and turned over to the Marshal in Tok Junction. I think this is the reason for the few number of cases of t.b. in the village—in fact I know of only



Titus David and Family

one sure case of t.b. in Tetlin. There may be more but I did not learn of them. The people of Tetlin have their own cooperative store which just this summer paid off their loan and now they are thinking of buying a light plant for the village from the interest off the store.

Yes, Tetlin is a proud village but I feel that what the people love most is St. Andrew's Mission. These people first became acquainted with the Episcopal Church in 1912 when Bishop Rowe first came to Tanacross, which is about sixty miles from Tetlin by boat and many times the whole village of Tetlin would go by dog-sled or walk across to Tanacross for the special Christmas service. In 1930 Bishop Bentley visited Tetlin by dog-sled in winter and by boat in summer. From Fairbanks to Tetlin is about 300 miles, so you can see this was not like hopping into an airplane and flying down in a couple of hours as Bishop Gordon does today.

A church was built in Tanacross and a priest was put there. In previous years there was the Rev. E. A. McIntosh who is retired and lives in Seattle now; The Rev. Roy Sommers who is now a missionary in Brazil, John Dixon, a lay worker, who is now an engineer and lives in New York City. The Rev. Robert Greene is now the

priest at Tanacross and Tetlin and is from Liberty, Texas and may I add, a Texan through and through. He is a very nice person and I enjoyed working under him very much.

The people of Tetlin wanted a church building of their own and Andrew David worked one summer for a white trader on the highway and acquired a frame building. Andrew sold this building for a church and the people took it apart piece by piece and brought it up the Tanana River and Tetlin creek and rebuilt it.

When I arrived, it was covered with only tar paper but Bishop Gordon sent in lumber and paint and the men and I worked on it and now as the natives say, it is "just like down town." My good friend Titus David worked with me for three weeks on that church, knowing that he would receive no pay and not expecting any. He knew he was doing it for the glory of God.

It is hard to single out people in Tetlin and tell how nice they were to me because I felt that I was a member of every family there and I shared their love, joys and sorrows. But there is one particular family in Tetlin that I must mention. This is the family of Titus David—there are Titus, Jessie, Roy and Walter. I always looked to Titus and Jessie I guess, as



my adopted father and mother in Tetlin and I felt as much at home in their cabin as I do in my home in Chattanooga, Tenn. Titus was always there at the church or at my cabin whenever I needed help. If he was not helping me, he was helping someone else and never asking for anything in return. Titus always loved to talk to me about his dogs and dog-sled racing. I am sure Titus would be too modest to tell you but he has won quite a few dog races and came in third in the Tok Junction race last year which is pretty good for a man 49 years old. His wife Jessie, as far as I am concerned, is the best cook in Alaska. Roy is going on eighteen years old and Walter is fourteen. This wonderful family is truly an example of what the Christian faith has done in this village of Tetlin.

Living in Tetlin was like living in a world with the clock turned back two hundred years. I was not living in the white man's environment but in a native environment so I learned to live, eat and play as the natives do. It was by living with these people and sharing their joys and sorrows that I found I could best spread the work of Our Lord.

Since many of the people were at their fish camps during June and July, I went out in my boat to their camps. I always carried my Bible and Prayer Book with me. They love the Bible stories and many of them can say parts of Morning and Evening Prayer by heart. One thing I learned to carry with me was mosquito repellent for I have seen them so thick that if you reached out in front of your face you could grab a handful of ten or twelve. I shall never forget how David Paul, a very fine young man and I, walked one night from eight o'clock to twelve through swamps, marsh and forest looking for a camp which we never did find and finally gave up, and returned to Tetlin.

Sandy Ogilby, now the Rev. Alexander Ogilby, served in Tetlin last year and did a very good job there. One of the things he did was to teach the boys how to play soft ball, so this year we played ball many evenings until late. At first I had a hard time

getting the girls to play but later on the ice was broken and they really seemed to enjoy themselves. As the summer passed, I found that Tetlin was growing deeper and deeper into my heart and even today as I sit in school at Sewanee, my mind wanders back to the people of Tetlin and the happy memories I carried from there.

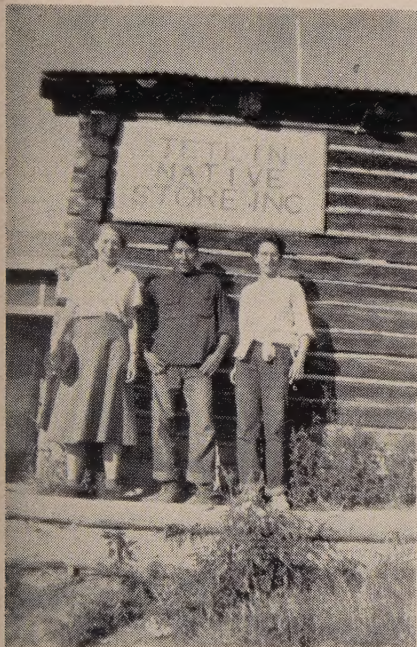
There is Roy who would always ask me "how come" whenever I would tell something; Andrew who would come to my cabin and tell me stories of Tetlin and the early Church there, Jimmy Joe who was the store manager and always seemed to dig around and find just what I needed; Chief Peter Joe and his wife Eva; the Chief would tell me about his father and grandfather; then there is Amos who asked me "Why Bishop, he wear red cap and green pants every time he come to Tetlin"; then there is Titus Paul and his son David. David is certainly a fine boy and we had many good times together. There is Hurley who would rather play ball than eat. I think of Donnel, Smitty, Herman, Paul Joe, and Annie and little Lee. I shall always remember Chief Luke and Martha and their kindness. Chief Luke was sick when I left Tetlin but he used to have great fun trying to get me to take a hot steam bath, which I finally did and found it very delightful. I told the Chief that my hot steam bath was the first time I had been warm since I left Tennessee. And last but not least, I think of Titus and Jessie to whom I owe so much and have mentioned earlier in this article.

Late in August Bishop Gordon brought in Eleanor Commo and Katrina Moore, two volunteer Bible School workers and they did a very fine job. They are both fine Christian women and a credit to the Church.

I am sure that when you size things up, I learned much more from these people than they learned from me. Tetlin taught me that people are the same the world over, whether they are natives in the far reaches of Alaska or members of some Episcopal Church in Tennessee. We all need God's help and guidance. These people do have a faith in God and it has been through

the many years of missionary work in this village that God's faith has been brought into these people's hearts.

One afternoon as we finished painting the church, Titus David climbed to the top of the small steeple we built and nailed up the cross that stands out amid a blue sky. That cross tells the people of Tetlin that God is truly there also, to strengthen and keep and to guide His children everywhere along the way of life and of life everlasting.



Kit Moore and Ellie Commo  
with Tetlin friend

Mr. Carter van Waes, in his middle year at the Church Divinity School of the Pacific, has been transferred as a Candidate for Holy Orders from the Diocese of Massachusetts to the Missionary District of Alaska. Mr. van Waes, who served as a summer seminarian at Huslia this summer, expects to serve the Church in Alaska after his graduation in 1956, and we are delighted to add him to our Alaskan church family.

## Boys Play Vital Part

(Continued from Page 6)

many other duties that they are appointed to do.

When these boys leave for college, and in their later years, they will be able to share in the work of the Church as good laymen and of course it is hoped that the desire of the ministry as a vocation for some may be created.

Whenever or wherever any of these boys are called upon to serve, they will do well, for they have all proved themselves to be loyal to their duty, eager to do their job well, and best of all, they enjoy sharing in a part of the Church's life.

(Editor's Note: We feel that Fr. McPhetres has been too modest in presenting the story of the Order of St. Vincent at Juneau. Certainly the work of these boys is almost unique and one cannot but be inspired when the whole service of the church is taken by a group of teen-age boys, including the lessons, psalm, prayers, and sermon. A great feature of this whole program is that this work with the church is a vital, important, looked-forward to part of each boy's life, and is as much a part of normal daily life as school, athletics and dances. Surely young men growing up in such a wholesome relationship with the intimate life and worship of the church will mature as devoted churchmen and willing witnesses to the Christian faith.)

Why not give a subscription to the ALASKAN CHURCHMAN for Christmas? Send us the names and addresses (along with one dollar each!) and we will be delighted to send attractive gift cards (by air mail) to each one. CHURCHMAN subscriptions make fine birthday remembrances too.

The Rev. Robert Grumbine, Mrs. Grumbine and their two children returned to Valdez from furlough in early October, driving back over the Alaska Highway from their home in Baltimore.







## PARISHES

Anchorage	All Saints'	The Rev. Albert J. Sayers The Rev. Philip E. Jerauld
Fairbanks	St. Matthew's	The Rev. Norman H. V. Elliott

## MISSIONS

Allakaket	St. John's in the Wilderness	The Rev. Richard S. Miller
Anvik	Christ Church Mission	The Rev. Glen M. Wilcox
Cordova	St. George's	m. Valdez Mr. Page Kent
Ft. Yukon	St. Stephen's	The Rev. Richard T. Lambert The Rev. Albert E. Tritt Mr. Isaac Tritt
	Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital	Dr. S. Donald Palmer Miss Harriet H. Keefer, P.H.N. Miss Irene Burnham, R. N. Miss Arlene B. Chatterton, R. N. Miss Elizabeth Klemm Mr. Grafton Bergman Capt. George S. Glander
Holikachuk	St. Paul's	The Rev. Thos. G. Cleveland
Juneau	Holy Trinity	The Rev. Samuel A. McPhetres
Ketchikan	St. John's	The Rev. J. Kenneth Watkins
	St. Elizabeth's	The Rev. Lewis Hodgkins
Kivalina	Epiphany	m. Pt. Hope Mr. Milton Swan
Kotzebue	St. George's-in-the-Arctic	The Rev. Alwin Reiners, Jr.
Minto	St. Barnabas'	m. Nenana Miss Bertha E. Mason, R. N.
Nenana	St. Mark's	The Rev. Cameron Harriot Miss Martha I. Webb Miss Jean E. Aubrey, P.H.N. (on furlough) Mrs. Dorothea S. Jacobs, R. N. Miss Rachel McDiarmid Mr. Fred Mueller
Petersburg	St. Andrew's	m. Wrangell
Pt. Hope	St. Thomas'	The Rev. Rowland J. Cox Mr. Roy Vincent
Seward	St. Peter's	The Rev. L. Russell Clapp
Sitka	St. Peter's-by-the-Sea	The Rev. Henry H. Chapman
Skagway	St. Saviour's	m. Juneau
Tanacross	St. Timothy's	The Rev. Robert B. Greene
Tanana	St. James'	The Rev. Walter W. Hannum
Valdez	Epiphany	The Rev. Robert Grumbine
Wrangell	St. Philip's	The Rev. Hugh F. Hall

## OUTSTATIONS

Annette Island	Chalkyitsik	Kenai	Palmer
Arctic Village	Dot Lake	Rampart	Shageluk
Beaver	Eagle	Pt. Lay	Stevens Village
Big Delta	Homer	Mt. Edgecumbe	Tetlin
Bettles	Hot Springs	Noatak	Venetie
Circle	Hughes	Nome	Wrangell Institute
Coschacket	Huslia		



